The New Boss.

By FRANK H. SWEET.

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OU can't always tell what's in a bundle by the look of the

The old man had found a length as if to discover its irregulari- white skin, blue eyes and light curly ties, but his gaze wandered quite be-yond the stick to the valley and river below, where stood the great mill, with its tall, blackened chimneys and mass-

"No, sir, you can't always tell by the looks of a bundle what's inside of it," he repeated more emphatically. "And if folks would only understand it and stop tryin' 'twould save a deal of trou-ble. Now there's the Dartin' "-

"Darlin'?" the visitor repeated un-

"Oh, 'tain't the name of any kind of workman like the puddler or natier or such; it's just a name that's his. We give it when he first come here, twelve years and more ago. Things had been goin' pretty bad at the mill then-and stops and hitches of one kind or 'nothand times gettin' worse for the men all the while.

"Mismanagement most of it was, or leastways, we thought so. Old Keswick-he was the overseer here-was one of the shortsighted, savin' kind that would lose a dollar in tryin' to keep a penny. He'd pinch and screw and 'conomize, as he called it, and let things go that ought to be 'tended to till at last some big break would sweep off in a day all his stinginess had saved in a year. Then he'd think expenses was so high that wages ough

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to be cut a little lower.

"I don't need to tell you that there wasn't any love wasted between him and the men. They'd got discouraged and bitter and sort of reckless-like, when all of a sudden Keswick dropped down in a dead faint in the mill and had to be carried home. That was the beginnin' of a long sickness that ended his work at the mill.

"The rest of the company bought out his interest, and he went off to Europe. We didn't know who would be sent to take charge then, but we sort of hoped 'twould be left in Jim Bryce's

"There wasn't much reason to ex pect it, of course, but he was the man we wanted. Naturally after the way things had been goin' we thought one of ourselves, who'd feel some interest seat upon a fallen tree that lay upon in his old mates, would be an improve a sunny hiliside and was carefully ment. Then one day down in the smoothing and shaping a cane he had mornin' train comes one of the comcut near by. He held it up as he pany, bringin' with him a young feller spoke and let his eye run along ity -looked younger than he was, with his



SUPERISTENDENT! BAYS TOM CLARE

hair like a girl's; that kind always

" 'Superintendent!' says Tom Clarkson as they passed by where he was workin'. 'That chap never superin-tended nothin' heftier than a bandbox in his born days."

"Well, he didn't look like it, that's a fact. But the company owned the mill, you see, and this feller was one of their sort, and so into the place he goes, fine clo'es, curly hair, white hands and all. I b'lieve them white hands made the boys madder than anything else. They was strong enough lookin', too, but white as a lady's.

"'Look at 'em!" says Tom, holdin up his own rough, black paws to show the difference. 'If the company's bound to give him somethin' to do, why don't they buy him a pretty little planner and set him to playin' it? That's all he's fit for. He ought to be safe at home, mammy's darlin'.'

"So that was the name we got to callin' him, 'the Darlin'.' Not to his face, bless you, no! Them blue eyes could turn steel blue now and then and flash out sharp of a sudden like a knife blade.

"After awhile we found there were some experiments to be made-som invention of his-and that was one reason why he'd come here. We didn't like him any better after we heard that, I can tell you, for we thought the company 'd sink a lot more money in such nonsense. 'Twasn't our mon ey, and so we hadn't no reason to grumble, you say? Well, there's two sides to that. There's two sides to most things if a body 'll only take the trouble to look for 'em.

"Did you ever think how you'd fee to look down at your hands-big, strong and willin', but helpless to provide for them dependin' on you-and then see a pair of soft white hands carelessly wastin' what would be life to you and yours?

"That's how it looked to us. For times had been hard with us, and, as I told you, old Keswick had always calculated that the losses must be avened up on wages somehow.

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'And this feller, I'll be bound ne's never invented nothin' more useful than a new tie to his cravat!' says Jim Bryce. 'He'll fool away no end of noney, and then either the mill will have to go down or wages will, and mine has got about to the foot of the ladder now."

"'Oh, there's no doubt nless some of his experiments blows him up. Wish they would! answers Tom, only be put it rather uglier than

"Of course 'twas only talk, but the feelin' was under it, and after awhile from hopin' somethin' would happen the boys went a little further and got to plannin' how to make it happen.

"I ain't goin' to tell much about any plot. I took care not to know much about it for fear I'd run across somethin' I'd feel bound to hender, and I didn't want to hender nothin', that's the fact. Only there was no murder nor nothin' like that in it; the men wasn't that kind-leastways, most of 'em wasn't.

"'No, we ain't a-goin' to hurt mammy's darlin' - bless his pretty little heart!--not 'less he gits in the way when he'd better be out of it,' says Tom, with a grin. But if the plaything he's so tickled over jest files to flinders some day and the noise scares him so that he gives up and runs home it'll be the best thing for him and all the rest of us."

"Seemed like nobody doubted he'd be easy scared, and so the whisperin' and black looks and secret meetin's went

"One day in summer a box was brought into the room where we work-I shall always remember that day, just how everything looked. It had been a bright, warm mornin', but about noon it clouded up slowly, and every breath of wind died away. Not

a leaf moved on the trees. "Inside the mill everything looked darker and gloomier than usual in that queer gray light. Great piles of castin's throwed black shadows over the slippery floor; the long iron shafts was like hungry arms forever reachin' down and drawin' back empty, and from under the brick archway the round door of the furnace seemed glar-

in' out like a big red eye. "Nothin' seemed to go that day the way folks had calculated. That miser'ble little box had no sooner been set down in the room than somebody called: 'Hist! Look out!' And there was Boss Darlin', comin' back from his dinner at an onarthly hour when he's never been known to come before. He had a rose stuck in his buttonhole and 'looked like a dancin' master goin' to a party,' as I heard Bob mutter as he slipped the box out of sight under a pile of stuff at the end of the room: They couldn't carry out their plan

then, so there wasn't nothin left for place. You have familie 'em but to hide it.

"The boss looked round kind of our room, because the weather havin' turned gloomy-like there was better light by a big window there. So there he stayed, fussin' over it, just as if he was on guard.

"Then it began to thunder, and there was a sudden dash of rain, so that Jim Bryce's little girl who had come down with his lunch basket wouldn't go home. Jim was a pieceworker and always said he could do twice as much work in an afternoon if he had a snack 'bout 3 o'clock.

"Jim looked sort of uneasy now and then when little Jinny 'd get off to the back part of the room anyways nigh where that box was. But he couldn't say nothin', and maybe there wasn't any danger, only I was sure he didn't like her round there and was glad when she wandered off into the room beyond-a storeroom, where she was let stay sometimes while she waited for her father's basket.

"The storm grew heavier instead of lighter till we could hardly see to work. All at once there was a blindin flash of light and a crash as if the whole earth was tearin' to pieces, and we all started and tumbled in every direction. The minute we could get our senses and look round we found that the whole end of the room was blowed off and a gully plowed way down to the foundations like as if a bombshell had tore through.

"Beyond that ragged openin' the great brick wall was still standin', but we could see that it was swayin' and wavin' just ready to fall. I've never seen anything look so awful as that tremblin' wall did, for over on the other side of it run another buildin' where the finishin' rooms was and all hands at work.

"I s'pose the same thought struck us all at once-that the only hope for 'em was a peal of the bell that would send 'em all fivin' to the entrance at the far end of the buildin'. "Twas in the old days, you see, before the new part of the mill was built or we had any alarm connection with all the ro-ms There was only the big bell, and the rope to it was danglin' beside the tot-

terin' wall. "You can't tell about such things as

quick as they are in happenin'. "The bell! says somebody, but there wasn't a chance to say any more, for the boss sprang past us with just a word or two, short and quick, as he pushed us right and left.

"'Back, men, back! That is my

"In a minute he was leapin' down over the piles of rubbish, and almost smilin' and pleasant-like. He'd got before we was sure what he was aim that model he was busy with about in for he had reached the place, and into workin' order, and he was wonder- the white hands, strong and steady ful pleased over it. And what did he had hold of the rope and was makin' do that day but have it brought into the old bell shout danger if ever a bell did.

"We hardly stirred or breathed while we watched him, till he started toward us again. Then a long, shiverin' breath ran round the crowd.

"I b'lieve he'd have made it to get out then if it hadn't been for little Jinny Bryce. That youngster was nat-

urany scared nigh to death at the uproar, and, instead of stayin' where she back to the mill to finish up his inwas safe, what does she do but come creepin' out of the storeroom-it was off to the right, you understand, and considerable tore up, like ours-and try to make her way over the ruins to her father.

plles again.

" 'Catch her!' he called the minute he was near enough and tossed her over into her father's arms. But the movement made him lose his footin', and though a dozen of us had our hands stretched out to catch him, he slipped and rolled back down among the dirt

"I s'pose it hadn't needed but the least little jar-or, maybe, it wasn't the jar at all-but, anyway, the next minute there was a crash, and the stoutest of us shut our eyes to keep out the sight. The wall was down, and he was under it.

"He was the only man about the mill that was hurt-badly, that is. Of of that? course a few was struck with flyin' stones and hurt in the crowd. But they'd got out alive, and the one that had saved 'em was buried under the

"That was a queer night. I don't re member when or how the storm stopped, but I shall always remember what a clear, starry night it was and how sleep. the fires that was kindled to light the workers flamed and danced, while the shadows lay black in the corners of

"How we worked at that pile of brick and mortar, one set takin' the place of another as soon as they was tired and as many workin' at once as Has a world-wide reputation. Wear the space would allow.

"Once goin' back to the mill to rest a bit I found Jim Bryce and Tom Clarkson a-carryin' that model that boss had been workin' over back into the office, where it would be safe, and they was liftin' it as tender as if 'twas a baby, and the tears runnin' over Jim's brown face all the while.

"'I'd give anything if I could jest

git back to this mornin again Jim, with a groan. "To think'-"But be couldn't finish sayin' it, and

it was best not. Most folks thought it was the lightnin' that had done all the damage, and the rest of us didn't know but the lightnin' might 'a' done it all, and that not bein' sure was the only

"No, he wasn't killed, after all, Darlin' wasn't. The piles of rubbish he had fallen between mostly saved him from bein' crushed. Everybody thought he was dead, and, even after we found him alive, it seemed for a long time as if he couldn't live. But he come round again at last and got

vention. "It was a success too. Yes, sir, that's what built up these mills the way they are now-the most flourishin' ones this part of the country-and brought better times to every one workin' in 'em. That was what he was aimin' "The boss heard her cry, turned back 'em. That was what he was aimin' like a flash and, catchin' her in his for all the time, only we didn't know arms, began to climb over the rubbish it, and that was why he come here.

"That's his house over there, the big one on the hillside. He brought his wife here when he married and settled down among his mill folks.

"Should think he'd be considerable used up by such an accident? Well, sir, I don't s'pose anybody can go through that sort of thing and come out jest exactly as they was when they went into it. But if you happen to meet Boss Darlin' and don't think he's good lookin' now, why, this valley, wouldn't be a healthy place for you to mention it in."

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